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Mistissini, Eeyou Istchee

August 28, 29, 30

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Feast Celebrating 40 years

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Mistissini, August 29, 6 p.m.

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Photo by
Katie Webb

The cost of indifference

by Dan Isaac



After she had been reported missing on July 27, Mina Iquasiak Aculiak was found alive in Montreal August 2. That's the good news.

The series of events that lead to the disappearance of the Inuit woman remind us why there's an epidemic of murdered and missing Indigenous women in Canada.

Aculiak speaks neither French nor English. She had travelled to Montreal from the small Nunavik village of Umiujaq on the Hudson Bay coast for a surgical procedure, following an injury sustained in a collision with a police vehicle last April. That incident was only investigated by Quebec's civilian police review board after the media reported on the story and its official fuzzy details.

After surgery, Aculiak found herself in a rehabilitation clinic. Before going missing, the Globe and Mail reported that she had expressed suicidal thoughts. However, while at the reha-

All these choices work in unison and have **consequences**

bilitation centre she somehow turned a 10-minute smoke break into an hours-long drunk, until she was picked up by police.

Once in police custody, Aculiak found herself nine kilometres away from the rehab centre. After hours at the station she was sent on her way with a city bus ticket, still with a surgical catheter in her arm.

That was on July 27. Two days later, an outreach worker reported Aculiak missing after noticing her absence at one of the spots she frequented during her stay in Montreal. She was found by an off-duty police officer a week later near Autoroute 40.

It's easy to see how Aculiak could have "fallen through the cracks". Only it's not cracks, it's people and the choices they make.

Take the choice made by the Montreal police in June to scrap an

Indigenous sensitivity training program designed for officers by people who work with the population they regularly arrest. The SPVM dropped the ground-breaking program conceived by a network of local Indigenous groups, including the Native Women's Shelter of Montreal, in favour of one doled out by one of their own.

Or the choice by the rehab workers to not report anything out of the ordinary when Aculiak had already been missing for days.

Or the choice to let a clearly vulnerable woman, who only speaks Inuktitut, leave a police station with nothing more than a bus ticket.

All these choices work in unison and have consequences. In this case there was a silver lining, but how many thousands have gone the other way? How many have paid the ultimate price for this indifference?



This summer's Archaeology Month demonstrated the power of First Nations oral tradition as Waskaganish encouraged people to visit their region and the partially excavated remains of the Fort Charles archaeological site, home to the Hudson Bay Company's first trading post.

The archaeological survey started in 2014 as part of a Hydro-Quebec riverbank redevelopment project in Waskaganish, which included the construction of a spur to protect canoes during storms, a towpath and the development of walking trails along the riverbank.

Construction of the spur required heavy machinery to be hauled over an area the community had long believed to be the original site of Fort Charles. Stakeholders agreed to document the site to avoid damaging any possible cultural heritage and history.

Archaeologist Christian Roy was recruited to oversee the excavations while the Cree Nation Government hired David Denton to recommend protective measures for the site.

"We have probably found the first building," said Roy, adding that this still needed to be confirmed. "We need to find the walls but it's too late in the year to achieve this so maybe this will happen next year."

However, a range of artifacts, such as burnt wood and animal bones, indicate these were the principal living quarters. The almost 400-metre-long site contains other buildings, according

to Roy, who was excited by many of the other artifacts discovered on the site.

"Wine bottles, pipes, gunflints, muskets, brass keys, rings, Jesuit rings, ceramic pots and glass beads," Roy recounted excitedly.

In 1688, the Cree encountered the crew of the Nonsuch, the first Cree meeting with Europeans. The British explorers were intent on establishing trading settlements, claiming ownership of the land and bartering for furs, according to Toby Marantz and Daniel Francis in their book, *Partners in Furs: A History of the Fur Trade in Eastern James Bay, 1600-1870*.

The Nonsuch shipmaster, Zachariah Gillam, created a League of Friendship with the James Bay Cree chief and in spring 1688 at least 300 Cree came to obtain muskets, hatchets, scrapers, needles and trinkets in return for their furs.

The Nonsuch returned to England in 1669. They returned the following year with Charles Bayley as the first governor of what would become Rupert's Land. The Cree greeted them with fresh venison, wild fowl, sturgeon, whitefish and trout in return for steel knives and iron axes.

The range of artifacts demonstrates the cultural impact some of these items had on First Nation clothing. The glass beads, now long associated as decorative items on clothing from moccasins to jackets where traditionally bone had been used, were a case in point.

"Originally they came from Italy and Czechoslovakia but later on they

were also made in France, Holland and Britain," said Roy. Such was the prevalence of glass beads in First Nations' quillwork, that during the Victorian era, First Nations would export their decorative items to Britain.

Any history of Fort Charles must be seen within the context of Anglo-French trade rivalry. Keeping soldiers' gunpowder dry by using water-resistant fur was Prince Rupert's motivation to establish what would become the Hudson Bay Company in 1687 along with Pierre-Esprit Radisson and Médard Chouart des Groseilliers in a bid to gain control of the North American fur trade from the French.

By 1672, the Jesuit missionary Charles Albanel arrived with the French explorer Louis Jolliet and were impressed by Charles Bayley's administration of the Hudson Bay Company, particularly his reputation among the First Nations for fair trading.

Radisson and Groseilliers defected to the French traders led by Albanel in 1674 around the time the English started to develop east and west James Bay. The French started to enter Cree territory from Lac Saint-Jean and Mistassini, creating their first trading post at Nemaska in 1684. The following year they captured Fort Charles, renaming it Fort Saint-Jacques.

While the excavation of Fort Charles allows Waskaganish to bring both its history and the early history of Canada to life, Roy agrees that the longevity and accuracy of the First Nations' oral tradition helped bring this all about.

Oral history prevails

Hudson Bay Company's first trading post is **where the Cree said it was**

by Felix von Geyer | Photo by NDiamond

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Taapwaauchaayimiisu Believe In Yourself

OUR PROGRAM

Taapwaauyimiisu (Believe in yourself) program is a resource available for the schools in the three Cree communities, where the pilot project is currently being launched. We offer support to the students' ages 12 to 17 years old who, for various reasons, are temporarily suspended from 3 to 5 days from school.

The expression **"Believe in yourself"** is dear to our program as we want to send a strong message of empowerment and self-worth to our youth.

OUR SERVICE SITES

Taapwaauchaayimiisu program in Mistissini has officially moved in their new service site at the Family Resource Centre (Old Youth Centre). Thank you, Cree Nation of Mistissini, for your collaboration in providing space for our youth.

We would also like to thank everyone that attended our open houses in Waskaganish and Chisasibi.

Should you require more information, please contact the coordinator.

Tel: (819) 527-0407

E-mail: Byyourself@cngov.ca



Two Crees survive Spain's traditional test of manhood

by Amy German

When Cree lawyer Jean-Paul Murdoch suggested to his son Max that they experience the famous Running of the Bulls in Pamplona, Spain, he never expected Max to take him seriously.

"We were talking about philosophy, because he's 20 and not sure what he wants to do with his life, and I said, 'To move forward you need something to look forward to, something dramatic to evolve,'" Murdoch told *the Nation*. "He asked me, 'Like what?' And I just said, 'Like the Running of the Bulls.'"

The bull run, or encierro in Spanish, involves crowds of men trying to avoid a stampede of bulls running down fenced-off city streets. There are often injuries and occasional fatalities.

As Murdoch explained to his son what that was, he realized that he may have made a bit of a mistake. He had figuratively referenced the bull run and didn't expect his son to jump on board. Murdoch decided not to bring the idea up again for months, hoping that Max would lose interest. But, months later Max was still intent on going.

Plane tickets to Spain were purchased for the first week of July and a hotel was booked.

"I was terrified, but I didn't want to disappoint him. I don't think either of us really had a clue as to what we were walking into, I mean we watched City Slickers with Billy Crystal in preparation, but this was not the same thing," joked Murdoch.

Upon their arrival Murdoch said he really couldn't believe his eyes, and the realization kicked in for both that this was real – and completely insane. The city streets were packed with people in town for the running and things seemed a bit unhinged. According to Murdoch, the loud Spanish music playing everywhere created a very strange atmosphere of anticipation.

The two scoped out the course, which Murdoch said was at points very narrow and cobblestoned, much like Old Montreal. In preparation, the two went to sleep very early so that they could arrive on the scene to get a good position for the 8 am event.

Arriving at 5:30 am, the streets were crowded with people still drinking and dancing and playing music from the night before, some even lining up to do the run.

"It was really hard to believe," Murdoch exclaimed. "But, at the same time, it was kind of reassuring. There were all of these drunk and elderly people and so I thought this can't be that bad."



Photos provided by Jean-Paul Murdoch

Running with Bulls

"I started running and suddenly I saw the sky"
- Max Murdoch

With the bulls now moments away, Murdoch said that they were now down to about 5% of the original group that had shown up at 6 am.

A cannon is fired to announce that the bulls have arrived and then a second time when they are released into the streets.

"When the second cannon went off we were pretty close to the front and so I just grabbed Max and yelled, 'Run!'"

Having researched a strategy, the two tried to stay near the inside to allow the bulls to pass through the narrow points. And while Murdoch stayed on the inside, as he approached a turn, he looked back to see Max, who he thought was right behind him, in the middle of the street being hoisted up by a bull and being launched towards the gate.

"He hit the ground and the police rolled him under the fence. By the time I got to him they were strapping him down on a stretcher. The police held me back and told me he was okay. Max kept telling me he was okay, but as a parent I had to get to him," said Murdoch.

He wasn't allowed to travel in the ambulance and the throngs of people made it impossible to take a taxi, so Murdoch ran the three or four kilometres to the hospital fired up with parental adrenaline.

By the time he arrived at the hospital, he saw his son make the bull sign with his hand and the emergency room staff and patients erupted into applause. Murdoch could only cry, however. He had found his son safe, in one piece and coherent – it was over. Murdoch said he didn't even sleep that night while watching his son, waking him every time his breathing changed.

When the two went to breakfast the next day, they had forgotten that Max (who speaks Spanish) had given an interview to a local journalist outside of the hospital. So they were surprised to see a full-page article – complete with photos of Max getting upended by a bull – in that day's paper. Max had become an overnight celebrity.

"It was my first race and my last," Max told a journalist from *El Diario de Navarra*. "I started running and suddenly I saw the sky. The bull was throwing me in the air. To tell the truth, I was very afraid."

Murdoch observed that while the adventure didn't help his son decide what he wants to do with his life, it certainly gave him a new perspective.

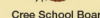


"THE FIRST TIME AND THE LAST" - Max Murdoch

As the police picked through the inebriated, they also handed out brochures about putting phones away and not taunting the bulls. Officials then went from person to person taking their information: where they were from, emergency contact information and so on. That's when it dawned on them that they could be badly hurt or be killed.

By 7:40, it was down to business. Murdoch said he asked Max a final time if he still wanted to do this. "Yes!" was the resounding response.

"The tension was palpable, if anyone was drunk before, they weren't drunk anymore," noted Murdoch. "I have never felt collective anxiety and fear like this before in my life. The crowd was tense. They knew something bad was about to happen."

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“I will always regard it as a time to remember those who came before us

mamoweedow memories

30th edition of Mamoweedow
celebrated in Fort George

Photos & Story by Katie Webb

Being at Mamoweedow is like looking through a window to the past. No running water, no electricity, a way of living before any modern convenience.

Every summer in July, much of Chisasibi returns to Fort George Island for the annual Mamoweedow festival. It's a week full of laughter, traditional food and reaffirming connections – both to traditional Cree culture and other community members.

My uncle Barry told me that long before any colonizers set foot on Fort George, we would gather there every summer. It was a meeting place for every family, a time to get to know one another, for love, and for fun. After long winters on your family hunting grounds, this minshtuk (island) was always welcome.

We were eventually settled there after it became a trading post hub. When the community was moved to the new location of Chisasibi on the mainland, my family were some of the last people to leave the island. My uncle Gary told me how lonely and strange it felt as a kid to be the last ones there. With moving to the mainland, there



The celebration sparked
conversations of how we used to eat,
how we used to clean, what flowers
we used for wedding bouquets

came all the convenience we have today. My aunt Lily told me how bored she was because she didn't have to fetch water anymore or do any of the old work she did on the island.

Barry told me he was hired as a young guy to help clear the land at Fort George for the first ever Mamoweedow in 1988. He told me that in the first year, everyone left by the river in canoes to Fort George – no barge lines!

I've been to many Mamoweedow celebrations as a kid, running around the island, climbing the big ship, but there was a new feeling this year. I noticed



that people were eager to tell me about the way things were before. They found an active listener. The celebration sparked conversations of how we used to eat, how we used to clean, what flowers we used for wedding bouquets.

I think the thing that was different with this 30-year anniversary was the pride everyone felt. There's a lot of joy in sharing the past with the younger generations. However, this could just be that I'm no longer a child jumping from sand cliffs.

Either way, this Mamoweedow holds a special place in my memories. I will always regard it as a time to remember those who came before us, and a chance to connect with my family and my community. Here's to another 30 years!

“I think the thing that was different with this 30-year anniversary was the pride everyone felt.”





Marilyn Manson performs on Day 1 of Heavy Montreal. Photo by Tim Snow

by Nahka Bertrand

THE METAL PHOENIX

Heavy Montreal returns after hiatus

After last year's absence, Heavy Montreal renewed its high-decibel attack July 28 and 29 at Parc Jean-Drapeau with a line-up featuring Marilyn Manson, Rob Zombie and Limp Bizkit. The vibe over the weekend was a hot soup of aggression mixed with some tasty morsels of a sweet lust for life.

"It brings people together, and it's magic, the energy! People have been standing here for hours waiting for artists to come on stage, because they know it's coming, and they're going to feel this energy," said avid festivalgoer Sebastain Papatens, an intervention worker at the Native Friendship Centre of Montreal who hails from Senneterre.

"It brings people together, and it's magic, the energy!"

- Sebastain Papatens

It's not just about the aggression, but a community, and that community beyond **the rough exterior, is love**

A group of young men from various communities in Eeyou Istchee gathered in front of the Heavy stage on July 28 in anticipation of Marilyn Manson's show and spoke to *the Nation* about their experience at the festival.

"The thing I love about metal is that there's no discrimination, we're just here to have fun," said 28-year-old Bertie Kawapit, who works for the Cree Hunters and Trappers Income Security Board in Whapmagoostui. "I'm having the time of my life."

The question of the hour was whether Marilyn Manson would appear given the last-minute concert cancellation in Toronto due to the flu two nights previously. He gave it his all though, before skies turned black and cold torrential rain poured down to the momentary awe and joy, then the desperation of thousands of spectators.

I Prevail, Aelstrom, Tech N9ne and Napalm Death all played with characteristic energy.

This year's line-up also featured several female artists, including Jinjer, Lee Aaron and Montreal's The Agonist.

While mosh pits and aggression are a major factor in the appeal of heavy metal, so is being excellent to one another. On the packed metro

ride home, a festivalgoer later told *the Nation* that people had gathered beneath the bridge for shelter during the deluge and strangers linked arms to prevent slipping in the mud.

The thing about metal is that it's not just about the aggression, but a community, and that community beyond the rough exterior, is love.

by Clarence Tomatuk

My family lived at Old Factory on an island on James Bay before 1959. There were many Cree families that lived there. We did not have a school – people were living off the land by fishing and hunting in the summer before people moved to their hunting territories in late fall and winter to hunt and trap for beaver. When the trapping season ended people would

Life was not what we know today in Wemindji. We were a very nomadic people, moving from one place to another, following the game. Then the government wanted us all to stay in Old

The parents were told that if they didn't accept having their children taken away for school the government agent would take away their food voucher and childcare allowance. The government gave out food allowances to

Most of the Indian Residential School staff were local from Moose Factory who spoke a different dialect of Cree. There were supervisors at the residence that looked after us that were not from Moose Factory but

When we finished Grade 6 we were sent far away to towns and cities in Ontario and Quebec. In school we were taught English, math, science, geography and a history curriculum that didn't talk about the Eeyou/Eenou way of life. We didn't learn about our culture, customs, language, values or get to listen to great traditional stories about surviving off the land. Those who continued

I then worked for the Department of Manpower and Immigration as a junior manager for two years in Ottawa. When I worked full

I wish everyone the very best on their educational path and the lifestyle choice they make for their future.


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The fish and the man

by Sonny Orr

The fast, swirling stream glittered in the sun. The sky, free of everything but blue. The wind was light to the touch. Bugs voraciously attacked every bare inch of skin, but they were ignored because a nice brook trout was at the end of my line.

The wall of willows was tough on the light line and hooks would get stuck on just about everything in a stream that had beaver dam debris from eons ago. Your cast had to be accurate and your lure had to tease brookies from their hiding spots in the shade. Your hip waders had to automatically judge depth while maintaining adequate grip on the slippery rocks beneath the current. Falls were as frequent as the swear words and the laughs that followed. In the range of 400 metres or so, the walk from start to finish took a few hours, casting and catching fish from favourite perches on rock outcrops jutting out of the rapid waters.

As evening approached, we noticed that uncle, who mysteriously disappeared every morning, kept coming back with monster trout. His haul made our catch of small fish look rather measly. I often wondered where he disappeared to on the long trek to

our fishing spot as the years went by and this scene was repeated. Uncle, with his wry humour, would tell us it was easier sitting down and fishing than walking down a stream for hours. Finally, I saw his spot and it was very close to our departure point from the camp, a little pool that was barely 20 feet across and joined to the creek with a narrow channel. He used a fly rod and was happily pulling in the big ones!

Back in the day, we were weaned on sucker fishing by the riverside. The lure and bait recipes were treated as top secret and no one, absolutely no one, would ever part with their magic portions of water, flour and salt. This was sucker bait, by the way. A cast from a string, stick hook and sinker bait combo would definitely bring them in.

Later, when we were introduced to the fishing rod, some scoffed at the invention. They said that nets are much more efficient and noted that you didn't have to be there for the fish when they were caught. In fact, I read about fishing rods before I ever used one, being informed by the great novel, *The Old Man and the Sea*, by the late, great Ernest Hemingway.

Today, the art of fly fishing is making it more challenging and fun. It's the new way of the sport that has been around for more than a century. It would be nice if there was a fly-fishing contest for us land lubbers who can't afford a 200-horsepower, twin-hulled craft with beer can coolers and a Siri-operated fish finder. Like heck, it's not like the fish will swim faster than your boat. It's about the power of attraction that matters. It's all in the little piece of a hook tied to feathers and threads that could come apart in a rough bout with an angry trout. The lure could be made by you or made in Asia, but what matters is how much does that fish want your fly or lure.

Fishing is fun, except when the hook gets caught, the line breaks, the fish gets away, the fish tries to bite or eat you, the bugs are eating you, your rod breaks, your line tangles, or you fall in and nearly drown. Yeah, those kinds of un-fun things. Meanwhile, back in the rez, the towns are hopping with concerts, celebrations, vacations, weddings, beaches and movies. But who cares about those things while you are fishing?



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**The Cree School Board wishes a warm welcome
to Dr. Sarah Pash - our chairperson-elect!**



Kathleen J. Wooten
"An honour to have served."



Abraham Jolly
"A winning team!"



Sarah Pash
"Deeply honoured!"

Family ties and a new arrival

by Xavier Kataquapit



Summer time is great for meeting up with family. I have had several opportunities to see my siblings and their children over the past month. It is so much easier to visit with people when the roads are bare, the weather is warm and skies are clear. Although I enjoy winter for its scenic beauty, driving in the north from November to March is a dangerous prospect. Too many people are killed and maimed on our icy highways.

During my recent visits with family it was very satisfying to connect with everyone but it was sad in a way also because my mom and dad were not around to enjoy this time. Our father Marius Kataquapit passed on March 13, 2013 and this past month we commemorated the second anniversary of our mother Susan Kataquapit passing on July 23, 2016. It still seems strange and sad for myself and my siblings to gather without mom and dad around. I remember how much joy I took in reporting back to mom and dad about my travels, visits with friends and family and life experiences in general. Everything seems a little lacklustre since their passing. They just aren't there for me to connect to anymore.

Native families in the north enjoy keeping in contact with family members and friends they remembered from their childhood. Summer was a time of gatherings and pow wows on the land so that we could connect with everyone.

Our parents and their generation of people were a bit different when it came to remembering family connections. They could easily make connections extending back three or four generations. Since families lived out on the land during the winter months, it was easier to trace back your small group of people to your ancestors. People spent more time on the land and it was more natural to pass on

stories of great grandparents and the generations before them. I recall being astonished at how mom and dad could recall distant relatives and the lines they followed in our own home community and even into neighbouring communities in Kashechewan and Fort Albany. People had a better idea of where they came from in days gone by.

In our modern world, there seems to be more distractions to take us away from each other and our shared histories. I can track one or two generations of people from my own perspective. However, I only have some knowledge of my mom's cousins or my fathers. It was good to be able to count on mom and dad to really understand family relations and the complex webs of second marriages, half siblings and orphaned children that made up our family trees. Decades ago our parents spent more time with family and friends on the land and they had a better and current idea of our family ties. In contrast I grew up in a time where I was ruled by school, church, work, television, computers and cell phones. I did not have the same live face to face contact with people that my parents had enjoyed.

I find myself relying on my older siblings to understand where everyone is in our family tree. In losing mom and dad I feel that my anchors have slipped

away and my connection to our family history is a little more vague.

On the memorial day of my mom's passing, it just so happened that I had an opportunity to visit with my sister Janie and her husband Brian. It was great to see them and we spent the majority of our time sharing what we knew about our family history. My older sister has now taken on the role of knowledge keeper and it felt good to be with her and remembering stories and people now long gone.

The sadness of the day in missing our parents was lifted when I had the opportunity to meet the newest member of our family who arrived earlier than expected. It made me happy to hold little Nathen Gregory Eli who was born early and arrived at five pounds and nine ounces on July 17. His mother, my niece Julie Shisheesh and her partner Winston Noah were in some shock when the baby arrived with complications that required some extra care. However, they were grateful to the medical staff at the Timmins and District Hospital for all their help in bringing this baby safely into our world. Nathen will also be going home to meet his brother Weston and sister Bailey back in Attawapiskat. I give thanks to him for coming just in time to cheer us all up as the pain of losing mom and dad still lingers in our hearts.

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Bundle High Speed Internet, TV & Home Phone
for only \$158/mo including installation.



Internet

- Instant downloads up to 250 Mbps
- High-speed uploads up to 250 Mbps
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- True High Definition



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- Unlimited local calling
- 500 long distance mins/mo
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In partnership with Eeyou Communications.



*Offer subject to change without notice. Taxes not included. Distributel supplied Optical Network Terminal and Set Top Box(es) required for Internet, Home Phone and TV bundle. Hardware can be purchased, rented or rented-to-own; specific fees vary depending on option selected. Listed monthly price is for bundle described; price will depend on services purchased. Use of Distributel services, including unlimited usage and local calling, are subject to our Acceptable Use Policy. Other Terms and Conditions apply.



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